

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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## Poetry.

### MY LITTLE FLOWER.

BY L. J. BAKER.

"My little flower, O may it bloom,  
A faithful flower beyond the tomb."  
O how we love the first green bud,  
That peeps out from the brow of Spring;  
And fondly cherish those fair flowers,  
That scatter from her velvet wing.  
'Tis sweet to see the opening flower,  
That flaunts its wings in the breeze;  
To catch the fragrance of the breeze  
That floats o'er the smiling land.  
God made the flowers—those precious gifts,  
Nature's own beautiful treasury—  
O how they speak of her praise,  
And touch our hearts with melody.  
God made the flowers, all beautiful,  
Smiling in beauty everywhere,  
Yet they through all the changes of year,  
His glorious "image" cannot wear.  
Yet this fair flower, of transient growth,  
Just waking in its cradle,  
Has written on its lovely form,  
His "image" of Divinity.  
There's love within that laughing eye,  
My heart has never known before,  
And music in that strange new voice—  
I'm sure I cannot wish for more.  
The rose was fading day by day,  
Its gorgeous leaves were pale and worn,  
The flowers of spring had passed away  
When this my sweet flower appeared:  
The little angel, bright and pure,  
Just lent us from the upper sky—  
We're glad with this distinguished gift,  
And glad it has no wings to fly.  
With careful hand and watchful eye,  
I'll guard its soft discharging bloom,  
And well protect my sweet flower,  
My Father planted in our home.

### I Pray for the Loved at Home.

BY R. L. A.

I pray for them when sunset  
Is gliding over all,  
And darkness steals the twilight,  
And all around is still:  
When I am tired and weary,  
And all my work is o'er,  
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day  
For those I see no more.  
I pray for them my father,  
When night is stealing on,  
And the last ray of daylight  
Without a sigh has gone:  
I pray for them, O mother,  
My dearest friend on earth:  
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day  
Away from joy and mirth.  
I see my little sister,  
With dark eyes full of tears,  
And pray that brighter angels  
Will guard her future years:  
When I am tired and weary,  
And all my work is o'er,  
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day  
For those I see no more.

## Select Tale.

### The Blacksmith's Daughter.

BY KATE GLENMORE.

"I wish to exact a promise from you, Fred, on this anniversary of my birth day—shall it be given?"  
"Most assuredly, Lucy, if it be anything consistent, unless, indeed, it be that I shall relinquish my cigars."  
"No, Fred, that is not what I am aiming at, so rest easy, I will not tease you on that point to-day; but it is one of infinitely more importance. So say yes."  
"Tell me first what I can promise. It is too much like a leap in the dark, to say yes to an undefined proposition. My sister knows I would not willingly refuse her any request to-day."  
"Well, then, it is simply this, that you pay Susan Howard no further attentions."  
"How so, Lucy?"  
"How so, Lucy? What has Susan Howard done to offend you, or what can you bring against her that will justify you in making such a request?"  
"I should not suppose you would ask that; is not her parentage enough?"  
"I cannot see what. She is the daughter of a honest respectable blacksmith, who has always supported his family honorably, and given his daughters an education that will render them ornaments to the best society in our land."  
"How absurdly you talk, Fred; where can you have picked up such sentiments? I think that society would be vastly obliged to you, were you to introduce blacksmith's daughters to grace its circles."  
"Well, it might be Lucy; for notwithstanding your prejudices, let me assure you there is not a girl among the circle of your acquaintance, who, for the sterling qualities of mind and heart, will compare with Susan Howard."  
"I know nothing of her sterling qualities. She doubtless does well enough for the station in which she moves, and which she is assigned to fill, as the wife of some sturdy mechanic; but you as well as she, would find she was quite out of her sphere in more refined society."  
"I am sorry to hear you express such sentiments. What have we, the children of a republican government to do with such distinctions? Worth is the criterion by which we are to judge, not the accident of fortune and family. This is one of the chief beauties of our republican institution, that it grants to every man and woman the power to become the architect of their own fortune. To be something or nothing!"  
"All that sounds well to politicians, and will doubtless have a very good effect in electing purposes, but I have no ambition, because I live under a republican government, to become so very republican in my feelings and associations. The distinctions of society should be observed, else what would it become?"  
"So they should, Lucy, and so they ever will. This distinction between vice and virtue, ignorance and intelligence, cannot be too nicely drawn, though I fear it would be to the exclusion of many who now swell the list of our would be aristocracy, though the admission of our worthy blacksmith and

## Miscellany.

### New York and the Five Points—Now and then.

(From the Correspondence of the Detroit Free Press.)

NEW YORK AUG. 25th.

Pity first said

A strong foundation, but she wanted aid;

To wealth unwisely was her prayer addressed

Who largely gave.—Crabbe.

In our last, we gave you a picture of the

agents of the "New York Ladies' Mission,"

a place where cunning crime crawled away

to hide, where loathsome disease and

relentless poverty stored miserable victims—

in short, where Satan held his unsightly

protracted meetings the livelong year—such

a place it was. But be ours the easier, pleasant

task, to tell you of the change that has

come over the place, and how the evil

genius of the spot has been bereft of power, and

a brighter spirit become its divinity. Here,

in this place, where, three years ago, mur-

derers and thieves were alone at home,

where not even the bravest man dare go

unarmed, we now see well-dressed, respectable

ladies going about on their errands of mercy,

unprotected and without danger of molesta-

tion.

At one house, we saw one whom we were

informed was the widow of a distinguished

divine and former President of an Eastern

College—a woman unused to sights and

sounds like these, administering comfort and

consolation to an unfortunate one of her own

sex, who, fallen from her estate, is now dy-

ing in this wicked place, where even her pray-

ers are lost in the ever-ascending murmur of

groans and curses.

Again, we saw a "Sister of charity," with

her ostentatious hood and cloak, gliding so

gently from door to door, looking in so

kindly with her pale face, that though un-

protected, except by her trust in that Pow-

er which is ever strong to save the holy and

the pure, the most abandoned would not dare

even to speak disrespectfully to her, should

she have a desire to do so, which we are

sure is not the case.

Here is a sight, then, which we would have

sectarian bigots look upon—one which would

angels may look down upon and rejoice—two

gentle, benevolent women, belonging to the

two great church divisions of Christen-

dom. Protestantism and Catholicism going

almost hand in hand without discussing the

tenets of their respective beliefs, and with-

out exasperating and perplexing themselves

about heterodoxy and orthodoxy, doing kind-

ness in a true Christian spirit—tendering

mercy and comfort alike to the sick and dis-

tressed of every sect and every belief. They

are examples which many of our political

clergymen may imitate with great honor and

credit to themselves; for it does seem that

true philanthropy can render itself much

more practical and effective here; that gen-

uine charity—which vaunteth not itself and

is not puffed up—can exercise its tender

offices here to much better advantage than

it can in composing treacherous resolutions

against law and order, or even in construct-

ing dictatorial appeals to Congress on Ne-

braska bills. Truly, if, by some enchan-

ter's power, the miserable denizens of our

great cities could be transformed from suf-

fering white men, and women, and children,

into fat and swaggering negro fugitives,

and cold almost wear themselves away

in good deeds, and abolitionism and fanati-

cism might almost have a surfeit of the great

work which would spread out before them.

But the misfortune of having been born

white excludes the pauper and the leper

the benefactress of this terrible place—those meek and lowly women who have deemed it their right and their prerogative to relieve human suffering, to administer sympathy and consolation to dying, despairing wretches, to give succor and assistance to the wanderer and the outcast? Who in the sight of Heaven, is the most a woman? Who, in the Divine Judgment, most fulfills her mission, of making the world holier, purer than it is? Is it her,

Who, seized with oratorical pangs,  
Gives happy birth to maxims and harangues?"

Or she who, in quietude and gentleness, like an angel-genius from some better world, goeth about doing good? Oh! you unwomanly women, who are talking of Congress and politics, elective franchise and abolitionism,

"You do not know one half the woes  
The very poor must bear;  
You do not see the silent tears  
By many a mother shed,  
As childhood offers up the prayer—  
'Give us our daily bread.'"

Read This, Boys.

"This is the effect of shoe-making," said a young mechanic to us yesterday, shaking a well-filled purse in our face. It was not said boastfully, but with an honest pride. We wish to refer our readers to a few particulars in the history of this young man. He is the fourth son of an industrious mechanic, who has known the height of influence and the depths of poverty. His eldest son is reared for the ministry, and is, we believe, a talented and useful member of society.

A second was a mechanic; hard-working fellow. The third has acquired an excellent education, after much labor and hard work, through his own means. The youngest son, him to whom we introduce the reader, was brought up in the conviction that labor was derogatory to respectability; that wealth was the highest good that could be enjoyed by mortals. He was early sent to school, then to the academy, preparatory to a course of professional studies. Meanwhile, his old father was toiling and striving to attain the distinction which are attendant upon wealth, merely for the sake of his children; but still willing to forego all the pleasures and emoluments of the world, if his sons could be useful and lauded in the community.

The young man entered upon his studies, convinced that he was the son of a rich man comparatively, and consequently he was entitled to a "full swing" in all the frolics and sports that came off. So when his six months were completed he came home to his disappointed parents a wild, reckless, indolent boy, instead of the sedate, fixed and ambitious young man. He loitered about home for some time, but his father's consti-

tution was broken, his sales low and his returns nothing. Starvation was before the family. Fruitless and equally many were the applications which the young man made at the trading establishments in the city for occupation. There were more clerks than merchants, and more traders than buyers.

Worn out with fatigue and the stings of conscience for his former mis-spent time, with his spirit humbled and his mind nerved to undergo any privation rather than return without employment to his father's house, the shop of every mechanic from the blacksmith to the jeweler was besieged; but it was a time of general depression in business and every man looked out for his own interest.

So without blame, conscious that he had done his best to obtain an occupation the young man went home. The well-spread table, the carpeted floor, and the refinement which was visible in the household, but seemed to aggravate the misery of its tenants.

One day the young man was in the shop of a shoemaker, who had amassed by his industry a respectable fortune, while he had built up a reputation which can never die from the memory of the community in which he lived. "Why don't you go to work?" asked the old man. "I can't get anything to do, was the response. "Come and learn my trade," said the old man. It was a bargain. The pampered son of fortune became the apprentice of honest father—His good habits endeared him sensibly to the generous shoemaker, and the progress which he made in his avocation, surprised every one who had been formerly acquainted with his idle habits.

The old man died. During his illness he carried on the business of the shop, and received for his services some old tools which had been the property of his employer. He commenced business for himself, but soon went to a flourishing village and entered a large establishment as a journeyman. His love for study and refinement increased—The best society was thrown upon him before him, the confidence of the employer was unbounded in his integrity, his shopmates were pleased with his native talents and address—he became the son of his little circle; and when he left his employer in the hope of obtaining a better situation, his loss was severely lamented.

We were conversing, yesterday, with this young gentleman, upon the false pride which had ruined so many boys. "If I had obtained a clerkship when I sought, I should have been an outcast in society and a beggar—This is the effect of shoe-making, of industry and enterprise—a good reputation, a clear conscience and a happy life."

EVERY MOMENT SUNDAY.—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship:—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews. Add to the fact of diurnal revolution of the earth giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

## Elements of Success in Business.

What are they? Knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, and honesty and truthfulness to govern all. Without these elements, without them deeply impregnated in his nature, no man can conduct any business successfully. Without them, he is like a ship that has lost its rudder, or an engine that has no regulator. With them, success is certain—as sure as the decrees of destiny. But with them, there are other qualities which must be considered. A man must not waste his life away in small things, if he would achieve honor or renown. He must strike boldly, lay out gigantic plans, follow great thoughts, and drive them, curbed by reason, to a successful issue, as he would drive noble steeds to the end of journey. He must have the boldness to grasp, the vigor and intelligence to execute. He must look above the ordinary ideas of those in the same business as himself, and attain an eminence far above them—one they may have observed, but had not courage and resolution to ascend. It is a trite saying that some men are great because their associates are little. A bragging captain of country militia, a spouting demagogue, and the chief of a half exterminated horde of savages, are all examples of the truth of the observation. None of these must be emulated; none of the traits of their characters must be held up as models. A man who would acquire fame in the present age of social and political progression must not be behind the times—He must not live in the past, but in the future. He must not only be a thinking man, but a working mechanic—know how to form great plans, and how to put them into force. Mind must be the monarch of matter, and annihilate time and space. Man should not be an animal, nor a mere machine of flesh and blood; he is a child of God, and should copy from his Maker. He should not be a mere earth-worm; but live as befits a being with a highly-gifted and immortal soul!

There are men who peddle sand to gain their bread; there are others who just as easily build cities, create kingdoms, and revolutionize one-fourth of the world. One of the first sect drives an old horse and cart before your door, unloads his sand, carries it into the cellar and deposits it in a bin, pointed out by a greasy looking servant girl, and chalks the number of measures down with a smile of satisfaction, as he wipes the sweat from his brow. A member of the other sits by his fireside, reads the news, and sends a vessel with a valuable cargo up the Mediterranean to run the blockade of the Baltic, and give him a clear profit of fifty thousand dollars! Both are men; neither more or less. Each has bones, flesh, and muscle; eyes to see, and ears to hear; and perhaps in all physical respects, one is just as well provided for as the other—Where, then, lies the difference? Not in the body, but in the mind; mind rules matter. One lives by a sort of animal instinct, and is a sort of a living automaton; the other lives by calling into exercise the all-powerful faculties of an immortal soul, and is a possessor, in a humble degree, of the power and magnitude that characterizes his God!—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

## "No One Loves Me."

Many moons have waned since those mournful words, "No one loves me," fell from the quivering lips of a sweet, bell-eyed, white-souled maiden, with a cadence so melodious and melancholy, that the tones linger with us still, and still awake pensive echoes in the heart.

"No one loves me," she said; and the sad reflection touched her fair spirit with darkness, and tears gushed forth as if to wash the sombre shade away. "No one loves me," once more she murmured; and the form dropped with her wail of woe, as the lily when its spotless cup is surcharged with dew.

Thrice twenty suns had cast their fiery arrows o'er the Earth; and some one forever loved that beautiful being; for she had been re-born to a love that pervades and moves, and is Heaven itself.

Beneath that long grass in which the slender shadows sleep, lies the clay of that unbeloved one. O, no, not unbeloved! Even those that were human loved her, well and earnestly; for white roses breathe their prayers in fragrance above her tomb; and the hands that planted them, often fold themselves in devotion there, and sob and steal out upon the sacred and perfumed air.

She deceived herself, poor girl, and she thought not of the hearts warmed and throbed towards her. Her nature blossomed with affection, and she gave it forth instinctively, and it returned more plentiful than it went.

There were many, very many that loved her, and her name is spoken with a tear, and her goodness thought of in silence—a silence full of voiceless prayers. She wronged them and herself when she uttered, "No one loves me."

"No one loves me!" Speak it not—believe it not, if thou hopest for peace, for comfort, for sympathy in this world! The phrase is of dreary midnight's birth, when there were no stars seen, and the Mother turned from her crying babe. It is false; too, and poison lurks in all ill-omened syllables. If it rise in the mind crush it out, and give proof of its falseness, by seeking forth what they cannot love, and be sure thou wilt then be loved in return.

Love inhabits every human soul—its very immortality springs from love alone—however of hatred of Self and of Humanity and Nature, may fright this God-descended inhabitant away. And love, will and does spring from love, as the seed springs from the soil; because it is the immutable law, because the great Original is love, and love

includes our aim, our destiny, and deathless-ness.

Thou and he and we may not dream of love; and we may set our heart against it, and say in bitterness of spirit, and with cynical pride, we seek it not; but we pervert the All-wise purpose if we do, and break with desperate energy the holy vessel that contains our bread and balm of life.

Days and Distance and Circumstance, and more than all, Ourselves may interpose between our loves; but it is expectant of our coming, and longing for our embrace, with a sense of weariness and pain.

And we shall find love somewhere and sometime. No Fate, however, stern, no defect of our own, nor act, nor resolve can prevent this end of Nature; and when we find love, happiness will be with it, and Heaven in Earth, and forevermore.

## Beautiful Sentiment.

Ike Marvel, in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," thus writes:—A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without a heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and his honors to this weak shifting ground-tackle, to his business or his wealth; but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparative isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thought and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in Heaven?—And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life—lighting them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon! Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear!

PRIMITIVE MAN.—Horace Mann says, in his inaugural address, that for more than one third part of the duration of the human race not a single instance is recorded of a child born blind, or deaf, or dumb, or idiotic, or malformed in any way! During that whole period, not a single case of natural death in infancy, or childhood, or early manhood, or even middle manhood, is to be found. Nor does he think that during all that period any one ever died of disease. The first instance on record of a son dying before his father, occurred two thousand years after the creation. He thinks the introduction of disease was the result of the long continued violation of the laws of our physical and organic nature; He says: "Man came from the hand of God so perfect in his bodily organs, so defiant of cold and heat, of drought and humidity, so surcharged with vital force, that it took more than two thousand years of the combined abominations of appetite and ignorance—it took successive ages, of outrageous excess and debauchery—to drain off his electric energies, and make him even accessible to disease; and then it took ages more to breed all these vile distempers which now nestle, like vermin, in every organ and fibre of our bodies."—Christian Advocate.

THE MARCH TO THE GRAVE.—What a mighty procession has been marching towards the grave during the past year! At the usual estimate, since the first of January, 1853, more than 31,500,000 of the world's population have gone to the earth again—Place them in a long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they "move on," tramp, tramp—forward upon this stupendous dead march!

Life is short and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

A MAMMOTH CAMP.—A large camp meeting is being held near the Red Lion, Delaware. There are already five hundred and twenty tents on the ground, which is about one hundred more than last year, when it was thought to be the largest in the country. On Sunday last there were not less than ten thousand persons assembled, and notwithstanding the crowd, the religious services were attended with the utmost decorum, and the preaching listened to with profound attention. The camp is on the route of the Baltimore Railroad, and three trains run thither five times each day.

Young man, when you go forth from your fathers roof, and set out unattended, upon the broad field of life, let activity and usefulness be your first and steady aim. Let not the transient and fickle temptations which are strewn along the path detain or turn you from your course. Set your mark high; commence with a firm step and determined resolution not to cease in your efforts till you have mounted the summit. When there you will find your position easier to keep than to ascend and easier to fall than to descend.

Many a tender tie is broken,  
Many a gentle heart distressed,  
By a careless sentence spoken,  
Spoken only as a jest, or kindly jest.

## Variety.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

For the last four years considerable attention has been paid at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, to the cultivation of a plant coming from China, and known under the name of Dioscorea Japonica. This plant, says the writer of a paper sent to the Central Agricultural Society, may by its size, weight, and hardy character, become exceedingly valuable in France, as it will serve as a substitute for the potato! Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist in the open air the severest winter without sustaining any injury. Several specimens of these roots, of very large size, were presented in 1852 to the society, one of which, of a cylindrical form, was three feet in length; another tubercle, presented in 1853, weighed three pounds, the former having been in the earth twenty months, and the latter sixteen. The flavor of this vegetable is said to be more delicate than that of the potato.—Scientific American.

A SHORT SERMON.—Many a discourse of an hour's length is not half as impressive as the following, from an eccentric English divine:

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Titus ii, 9.

There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

1. Your wife.

2. Your stomach.

3. Your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Temperance produces:

1. Domestic misery.

2. Premature death.

3. Infidelity.

To make these points clear I refer you—

1. To the Newgate Calendar.

2. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work houses.

3. To the past experience of what you have seen, read and suffered in mind, body and estate.

A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT IN ENGLAND.—There is a sect which has arisen in England called the Disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864, that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land, and that Christ will be their King; that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the rest of the righteous Jews of old, and the few elect among the Christians, will rise from the dead; and live in Palestine; that the heathen and wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternally.

THE CHURCH IS STILL IN EXISTENCE at whose door Luther hung up his 95 propositions against the Church of Rome, and offered to defend them against the world. The same doors still remain: the altar has been removed, and in its place is erected the Pulpit in which Luther often preached. Nearly under the centre of the church are laid the bones of Luther and Melancthon.

PASSING AWAY.—There were 152,761 soldiers engaged in the revolutionary war. Of this number, there are now less than fourteen hundred living, whose ages must average nearly ninety years. Seventy three have died during the past year. A few years more and these venerable octogenarians will only be known in the pages of history.

When Jackson and Adams were candidates for the Presidency, a Jackson Pennsylvanian charged Adams with having for his wife the daughter of George III. An Adams paper conceded that, but stated that Jackson married two of them.

GEMS.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and cowardice.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

Nature designed the heart to be always warm, and the hand to be often open.

When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with a steady hand.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

On every part of creation is inscribed this sentiment, "Not for ourselves, but for others."

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

There is a star above us which unites souls of the first order, though world and ages separate them.

Gracious manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self-government as one leak will sink a ship.

They who drink away their estate, drink the tears of their widows and the very blood of their impoverished children.